# THE FIRST BOOKE OF AYRES.

*OR*

# LITTLE SHORT SONGS, TO SING AND *PLAY TO THE LVTE,* WITH THE BASE VIOLE.

NEWLY PVBLISHED

*BY*

*THOMAS MORLEY*

*Bachiler of Muſicke, and one of* the Gent. of her Maieſties Royall *CHAPPEL.*

*Imprinted at London in litle S. Helen's by VVilliam Barley,* the aſsigne of Thomas Morley, and are to be ſold at his houſe in Gracious ſtreete. 1600.

*Cum Priuilegio.*

# TO THE WORTHIE AND VERTVOVS LOVER OF MVSICKE, RALPH BOSVILE ESQVIRE.

*SIr, the loue which you do beare to my qualitie, proceedeth (no doubt) of an excellent knowledge you haue therein. (For vncouth vnkist saith venerable Chaucer:) But that which (among so many professors thereof) you beare to my selfe in particular, must simply flowe from the bountie of a generous spirit, there being no other meanes in me to deserue the same, but onely desire. In recompence therefore of my priuate fauours, I thought it the part of an honest minde, to make some one publique testimonie and acknowledgement thereof. And that, by consecrating vnto your protection these few light Ayres for the Lute voice and Violl onely. Which as they were made this vacation time, you may vse likewise at your vacant howers. But see the folly of me, who whilst I look for a Patrone, haue lighted on a iudge. This must be the comfort that, as they must endure the censure of your iudicious eare: so shall they bee sure of the protection of your good word. And herewith once more I humbly commend them and me to your good opinion.*

At your deuotion now and euer.

THO. MORLEY.

# TO THE READER.

LEt it not ſeeme ſtraunge (courteous Reader) that I thus farre preſume to take vpon me, in publiſhing this volume of Lute Ayres, being no profeſſor thereof, but like a blind man groping for my way, haue atlength happened vpon a method: which when I found, my heart burning loue to my freinds would not conſent I might conceale. Two cauſes mooued me heereunto, the firſt to ſatisfie the world of my no idle howers (though both Gods viſitation in ſickneſſe, and troubles in the world, by ſutes in Law haue kept me buſied.) The other cauſe was to make tryall of my firſt fruites, which being effected, I will commend to indifferent and no partiall iudges. If *Momus* doe euer carpe, let him doe it with iudgement leaſt my booke in ſilence flout his little iudgement. If he would faine ſcoffe, yet feareth to doe it through his wits defect, let him ſhew iudgement in his tongues reſtraint, in the allowance of that which I doubt not, but more iudiciall eares ſhall applaude. Too many there are, who are fillily indewde with an humour of reprehenſion, and thoſe are they that euer want true knowledge of apprehenſion. I know that *Scientia non habet inimicum præter ignorantem*: but I ſhall not feare their barking queſtes. This booke exſpects the fauourable cenſure of the exquiſite iudiciall eares, ſcorning the wel-come of any *Mydas*, if therefore the more worthie receiue it into their fauour, it is as much as euer I wiſhed, or can expect. In lue whereof, I ſhall by this encouragement promiſe and produce ſundrie fruites of this kind, which verie ſhortly I will commend vnto you. In the meane time I commend and commit both this and my ſelfe, to your euer good opinion. And ſalute you with a hartie, *Adieu*.

*Yours in all loue.*

THO. MORLEY.

# ¶ A TABLE CONTAINING ALL THE SONGS IN THIS BOOKE.


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FINIS.

A Pain - ted tale by

Po - ets skill de - uiſed, where words well plaſt great ſtore of loue profeſt.

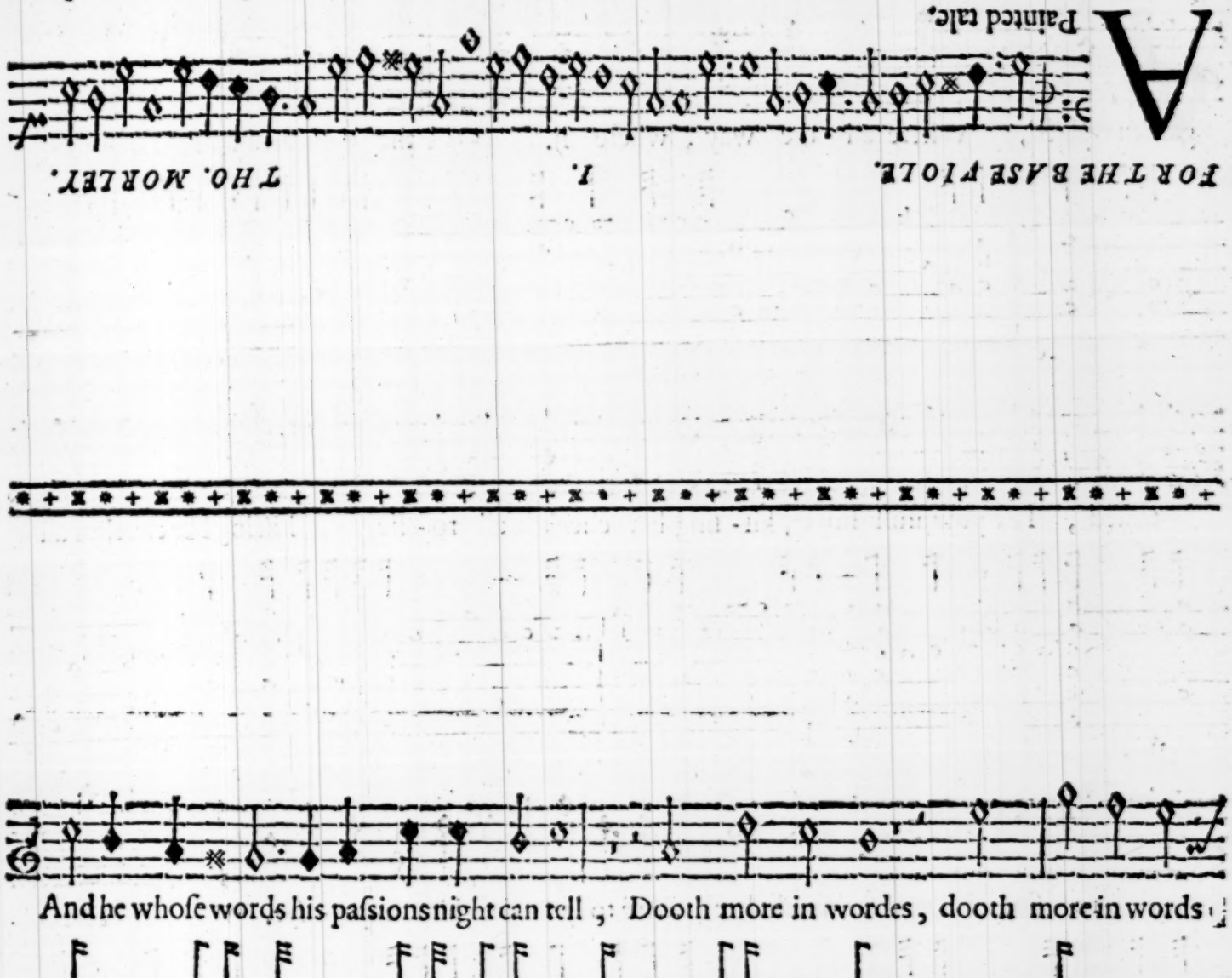
In loues at - tyre can ne - uer Maske diſ - guyſde,

For looks and ſighs true loue can beſt expreſſe, And he whoſe wordes his paſsions night can tell

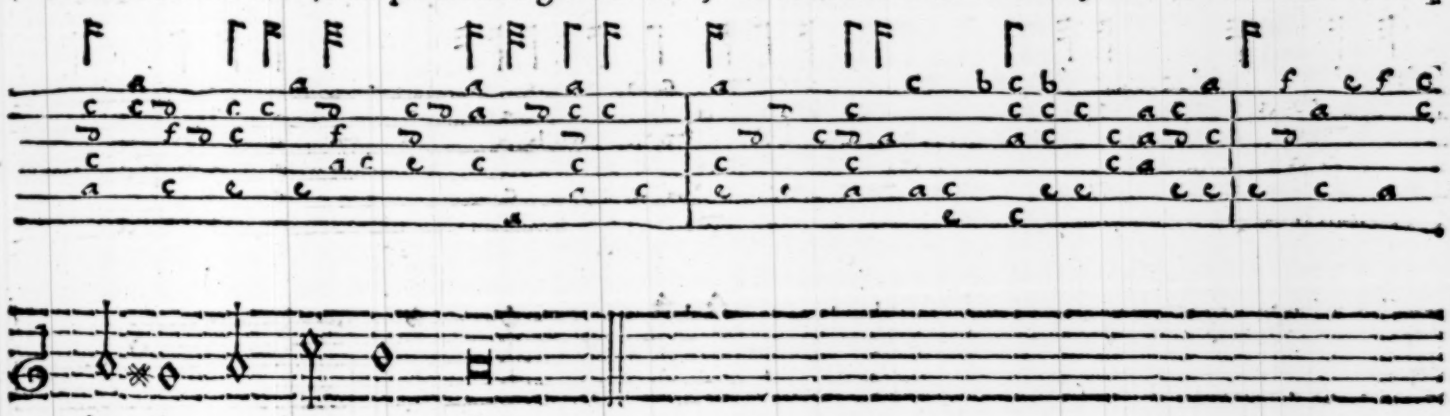
Dooth more in wordes dooth more in wordes then in true loue ex - cell,

FOR THE BASE VIOLE. I. THO. MORLEY.

A Painted tale.



And he whose words his passions night can tell, Dooth more in wordes, dooth more in words



then in true loue ex - cell.

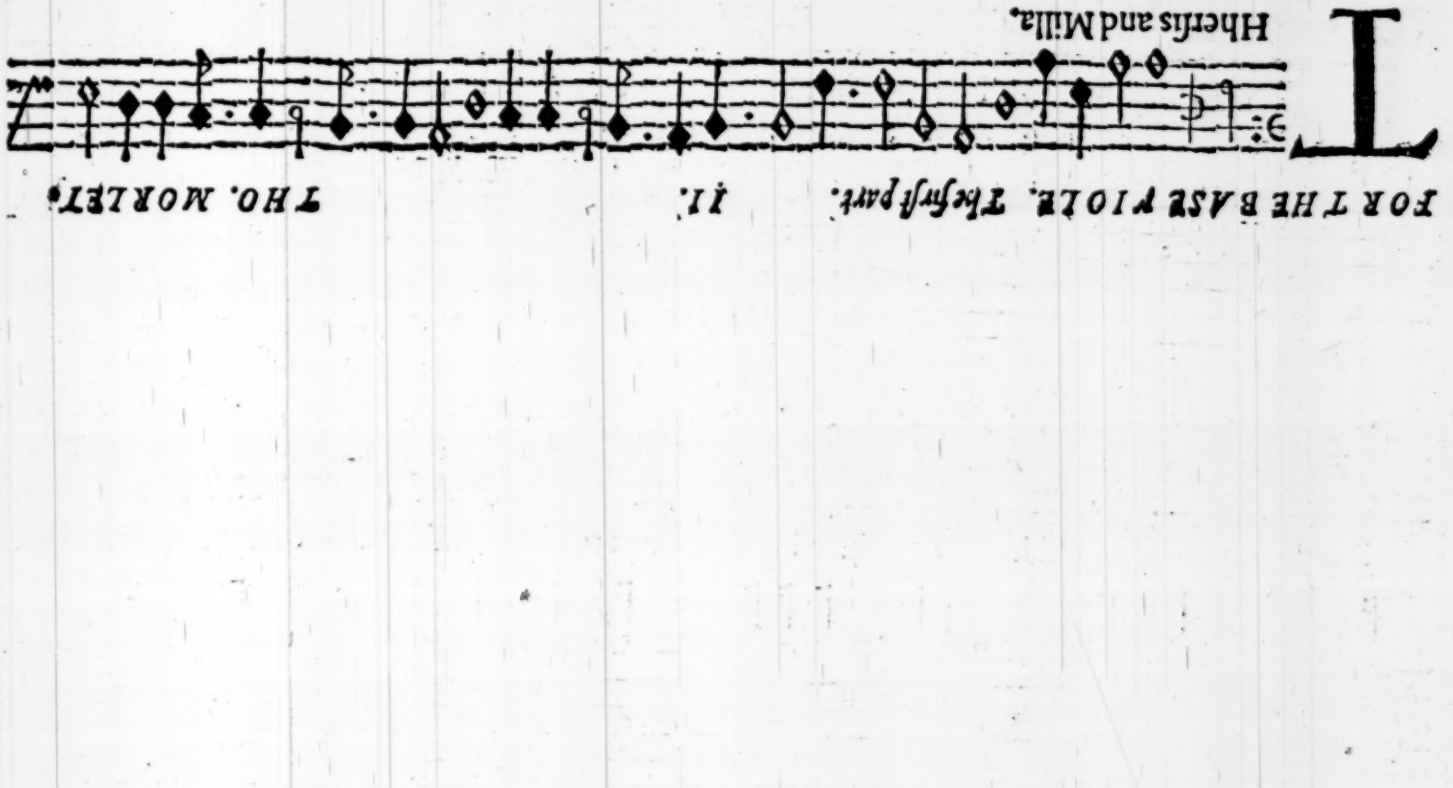
*Hirſis* and *Milla*, arme in arme together, In merimerimay to the greene

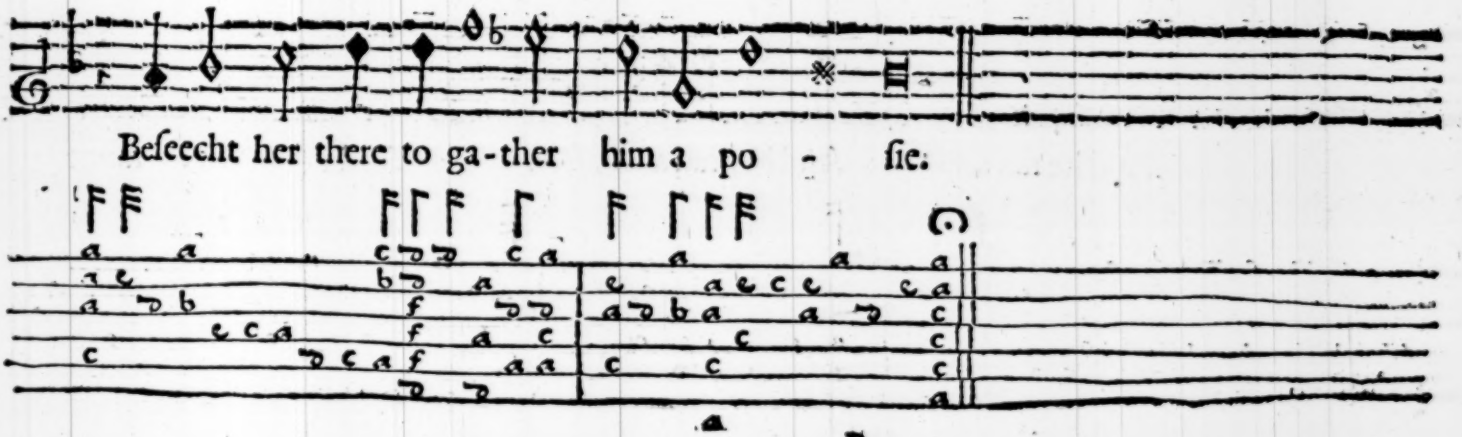
garden walked, Where all the way, where ij. they wanton ij, ij. ri-dles

talked, The youthfull boye, kiſ-ſing her cheekes all ro-ſie kiſsing her cheekes all

ro-ſie, Be-ſeecht her there to ga-ther him a po-ſye. The

youth-full boy, kiſsing her cheekes all ro-ſie, kiſ-sing her cheekes all ro-ſie,


Hheris and Milla.


Beſeecht her there to ga-ther him a po - ſie.

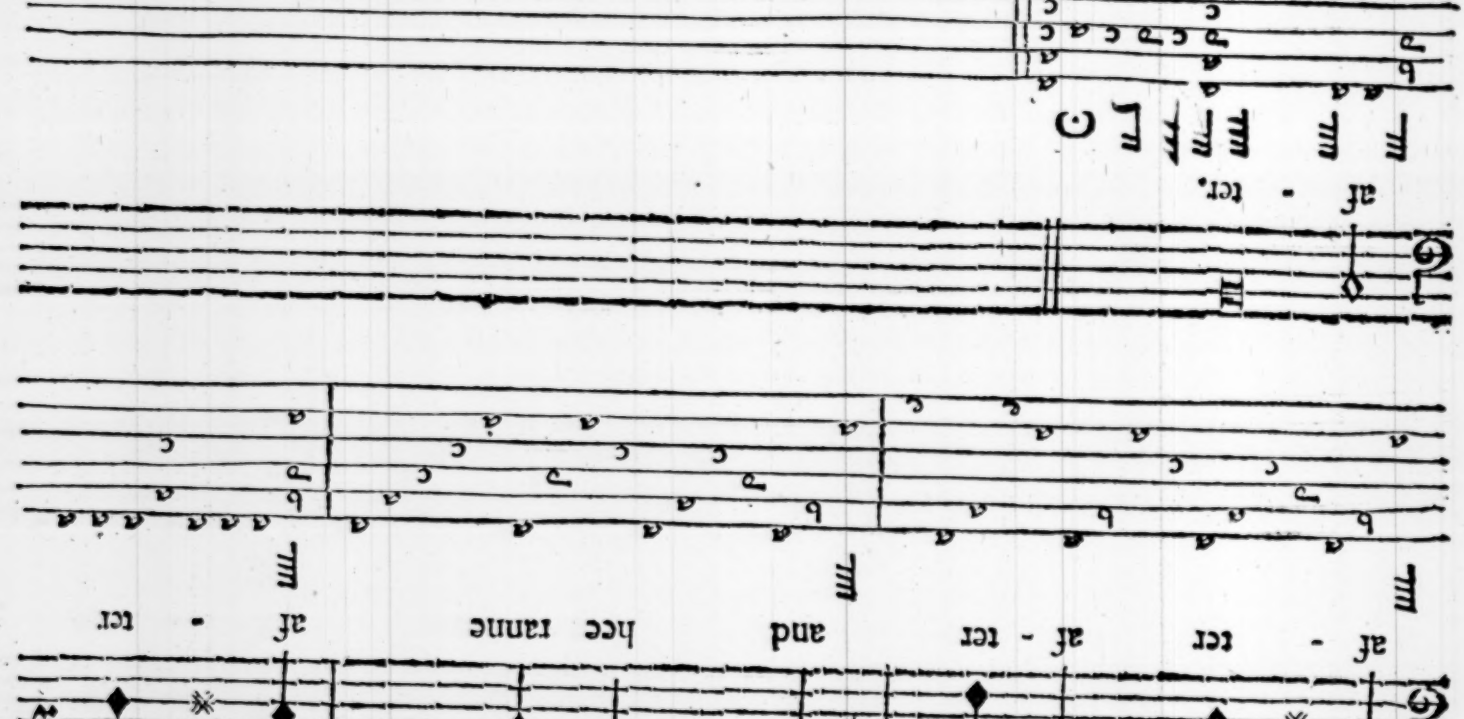
Hee ſtraight hir light greene ſil-ken cotes vp tucked

and May for Mill and Time for *Therſis* plucked, which whē ſhe broght hee claſp't her

by the middle, And kiſt her ſweete ij. but could not read her riddle, Ah foole. ij. with that the

Nimph ſet vp a laughter, And bluſht, and ran and ran away ij. ij. ij.

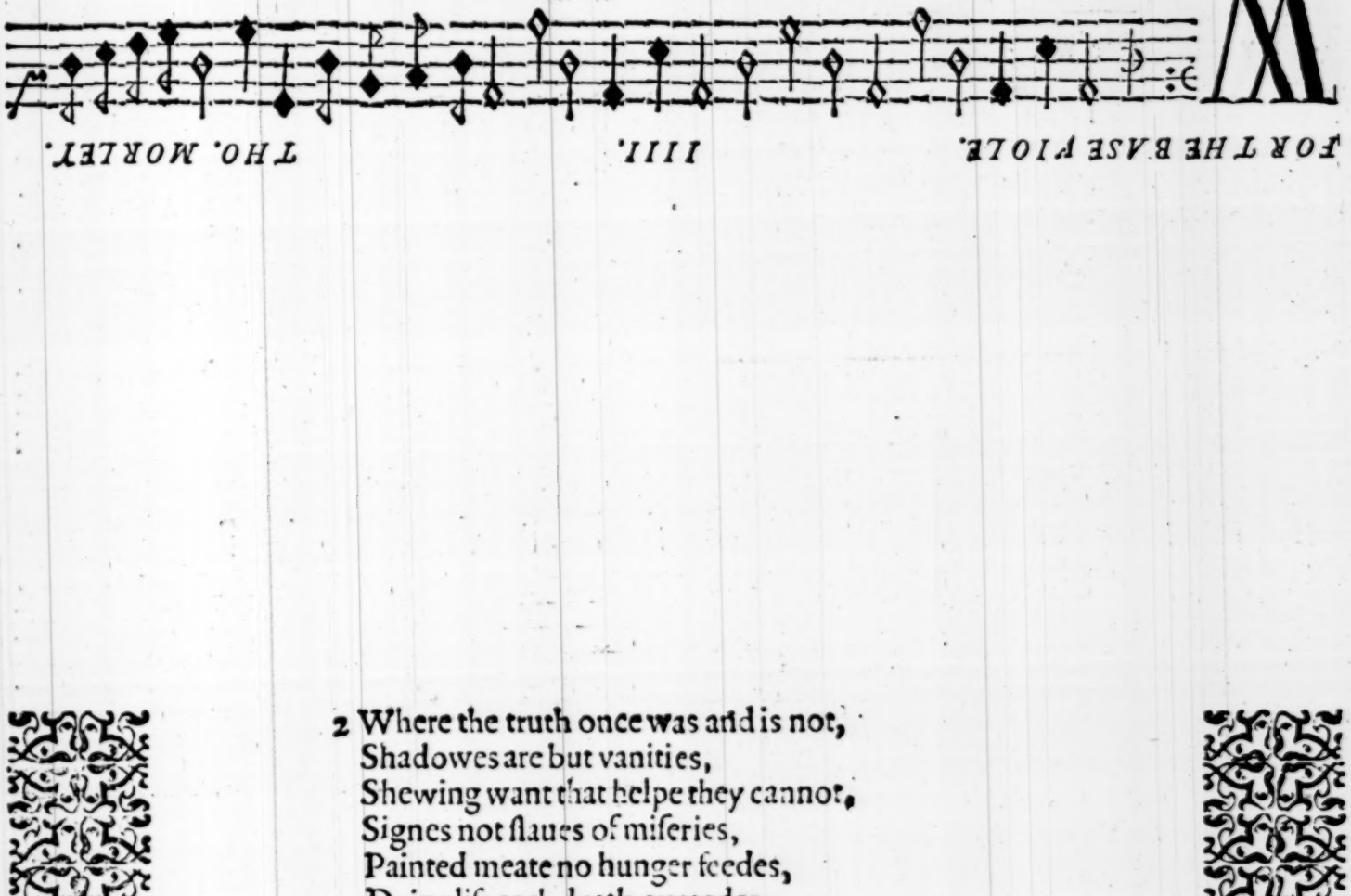
And he ran af-ter, And hee ran after after. And hee ranne


SHee straight.

With my loue my life was neſtled, In the ſome of happines, From my loue my

life was wreſted, To a world of heauines, O let loue my life remoue, Sith I liue not wher I loue, O let

loue my life remooue, Sith I liue not where I loue.




2 Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadowes are but vanities,
Shewing want that helpe they cannot,
Signes not ſlaues of miſeries,
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceedes.

3 O true loue ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious,
Turne againe and take me with thee,
Let me die, or liue thou in me.

I Saw

my La - dye wee - ping , And ſorrowe proud to bee ad-uaun-ced ſo ,

In thoſe fayre eyes ij. Where all perfection kept her face was full of

woe , But ſuch a woe, Bee leeue mee

as winnes mennes heartes , Then myrth can doo, Then

I Saw my Ladie weeping.

mirth can doo with her intising partes. But such a woe,

Bee - leeue me as winnes mennes heartes, Then

myrth can doo, Then myrth can doo with her intising partes.

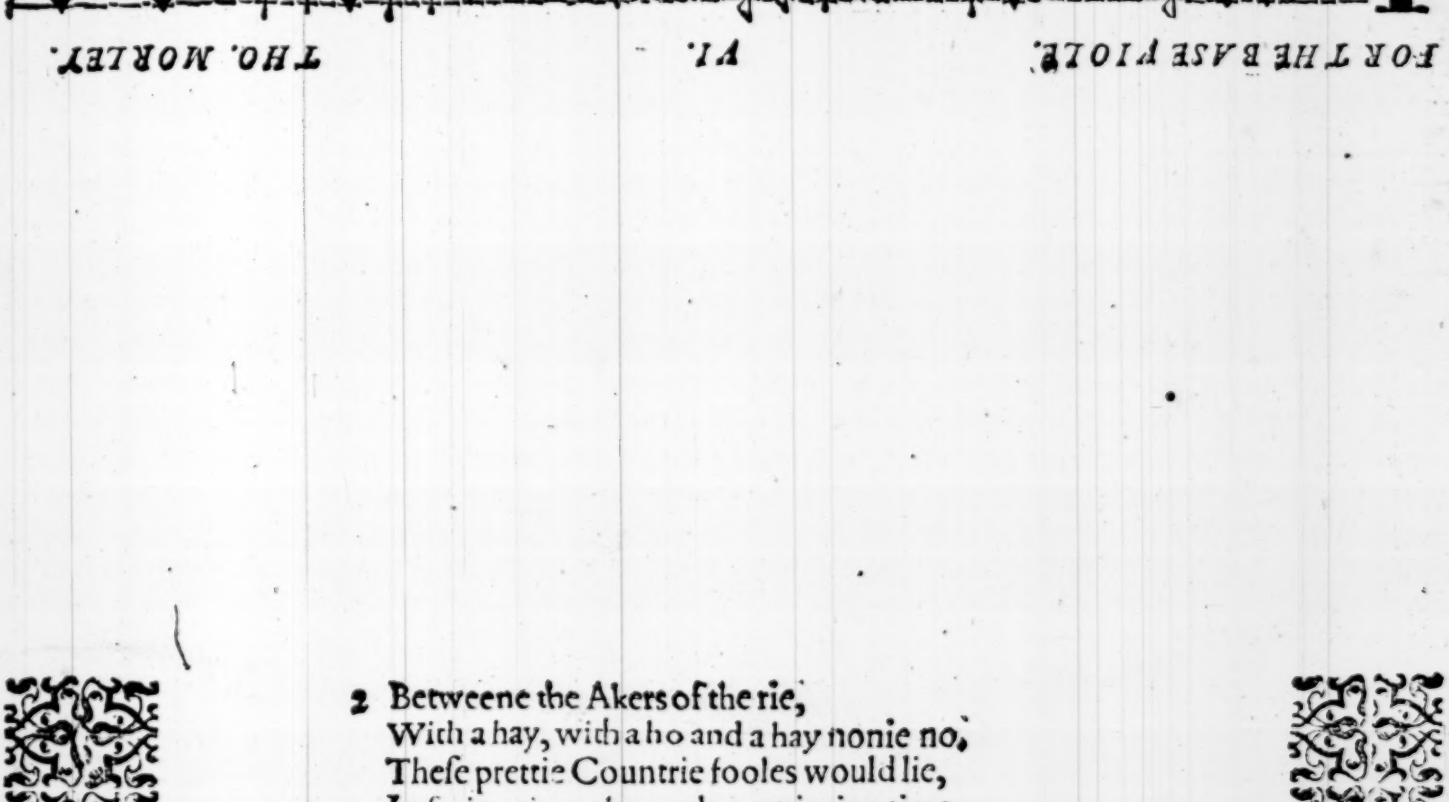
T was a louer and his lasse, With a haye with a hoe and a haye nonie

no and a haye nonie nonie no , That o're the green corne fields did passe in spring time, ij, ij.

the only pretiring time whē birds do sing, hay ding ading ading ij. ij. sweete

louers loue the springe in spring time, ij. The onely pretiring time whē birds do sing, Haye

ding ading ading, ij. ij. sweete louers loue the spring.




2 Betweene the Akers of the rie,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
Theſe prettie Countrie fooles would lie,
In ſpring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe ſing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the ſpring.

3 This Carrell they began that houre,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In ſpring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe ſing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the ſpring.

4 Then prettie louers take the time,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In ſpring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe ſing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the ſpring.

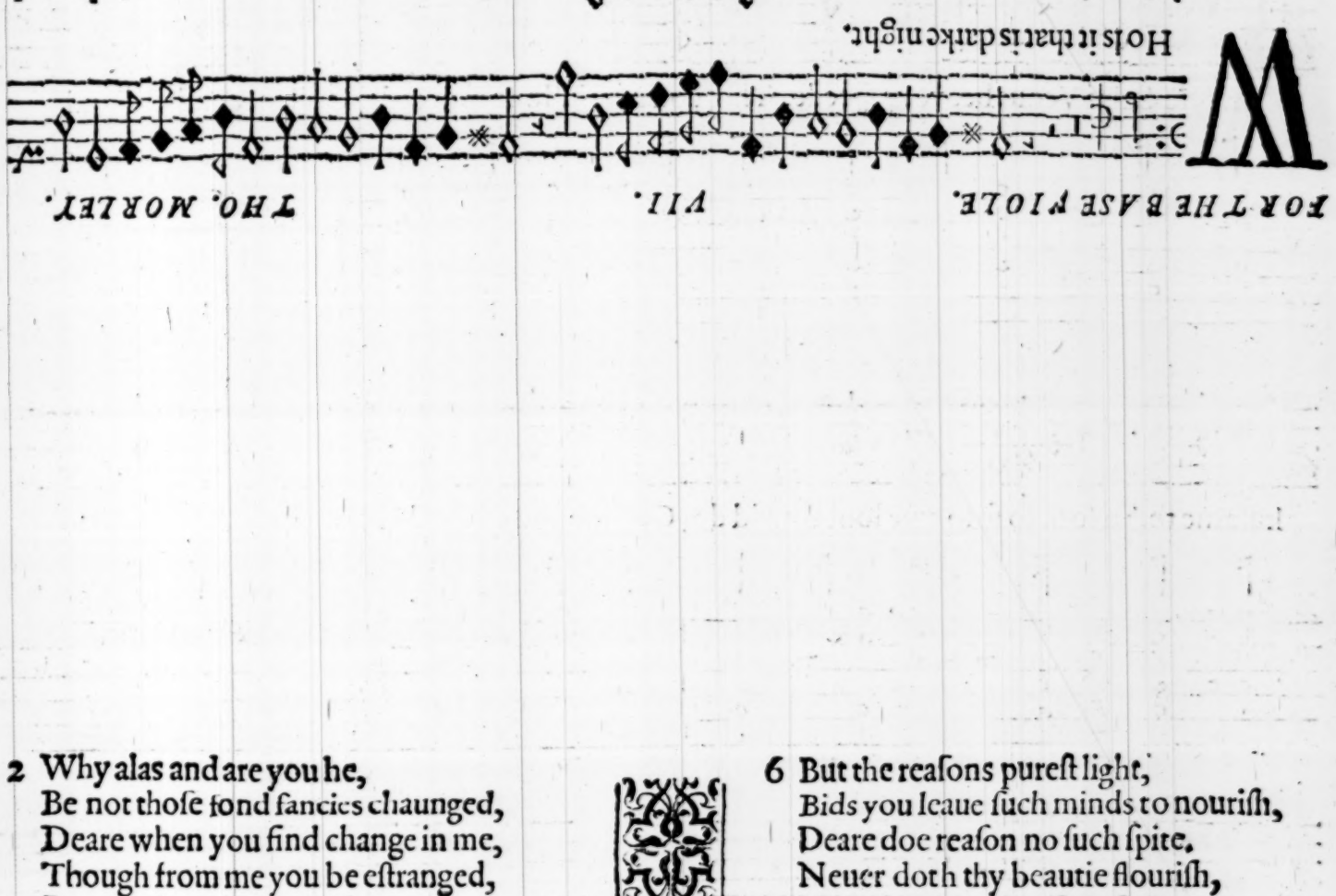
Ho is it that this darke

night. VVho is it that this darke night, Vnder my

window play - neth, It is one that from thy fighte bee - ing ah ex - ilde dif -

dai - neth cue - rie o - ther vul - gar light, It is one that from thy fight

be - ing ah ex - ilde dif - dai-neth e - ue - rie other vul - gar light.




2 Why alas and are you he,
Be not thoſe fond fancies chaunged,
Deare when you find change in me,
Though from me you be eſtranged,
Let my change to ruine be.

3 Well in abſence this will die,
Leaue to ſee, and leaue to wonder,
Abſence ſure will helpe if I,
Can learne how my ſelfe to ſunder,
From what in my heart doth lie.

4 But time will theſe thoughts remoue,
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:
Time doth as the ſubiect proue.
With time ſtill the affection groweth,
In the faithfull turtle Doue.

5 What if you new beauties ſee,
Will not they ſtirre new affection,
I will thinke they pictures bee:
Image like of Saints perfection,
Poorely counterfeiting thee.

6 But the reaſons pureſt light,
Bids you leaue ſuch minds to nouriſh,
Deare doe reaſon no ſuch ſpite.
Neuer doth thy beautie flouriſh,
More then in my reaſons ſight.

7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,
Loue atlength leaue vndertaking,
No the more fooles it doe ſhake,
In a ground of ſo firme making,
Deeper ſtill they driue the ſtake.

8 Peace I thinke that ſome giue eare,
Come no more leaſt I get anger,
Bliſſe I will my bliſſe forbeare,
Fearing ſweete you to endaunger,
But my ſoule ſhall harber there,

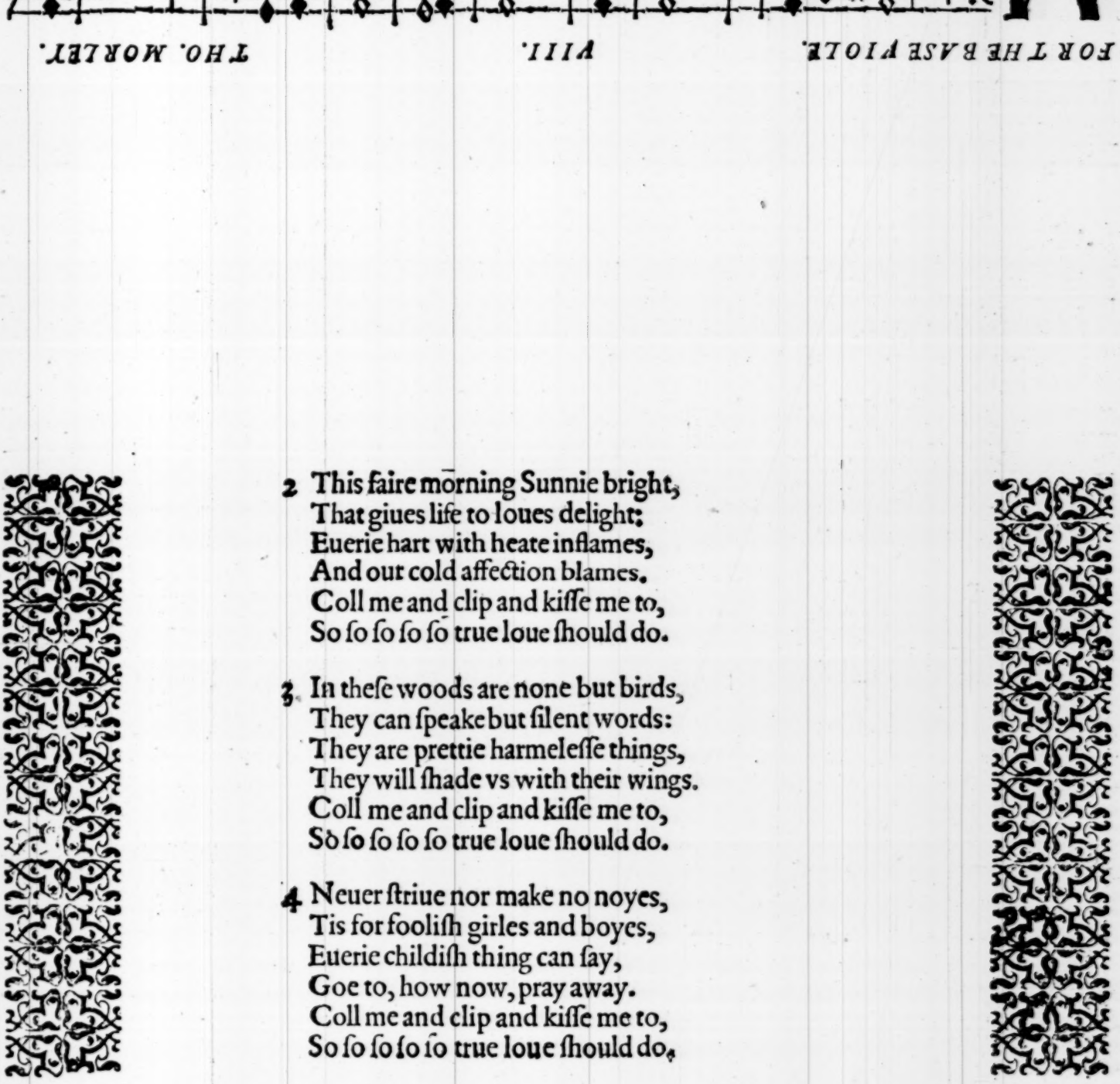
9 Well be gon, be gon I ſay,
Leaſt that Argues eyes perceiue you,
O vniuſteſt fortunes ſway,
Which can make me thus to leaue,
And from Loues to runne away.

M Istereſſe mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and void of care,

Sweete Saint Venus bee your ſpeede, That you may in loue proceede, Coll mee and clip and

kiſſe me to, So ſo ſo ſo ſo ſo true loue ſhould do, Coll me and clip and kiſſe mee to, So ſo ſo ſo ſo

ſo true loue ſhould doo.




2 This faire mōrning Sunnie bright,
That giues life to loues delight:
Euerie hart with heate inflames,
And our cold affection blames.
Coll me and clip and kiſſe me to,
So ſo ſo ſo ſo true loue ſhould do.

3 In theſe woods are none but birds,
They can ſpeake but ſilent words:
They are prettie harmeleſſe things,
They will ſhade vs with their wings.
Coll me and clip and kiſſe me to,
So ſo ſo ſo ſo true loue ſhould do.

4 Neuer ſtriue nor make no noyes,
Tis for fooliſh girles and boyes,
Euerie childiſh thing can ſay,
Goe to, how now, pray away.
Coll me and clip and kiſſe me to,
So ſo ſo ſo ſo true loue ſhould do.

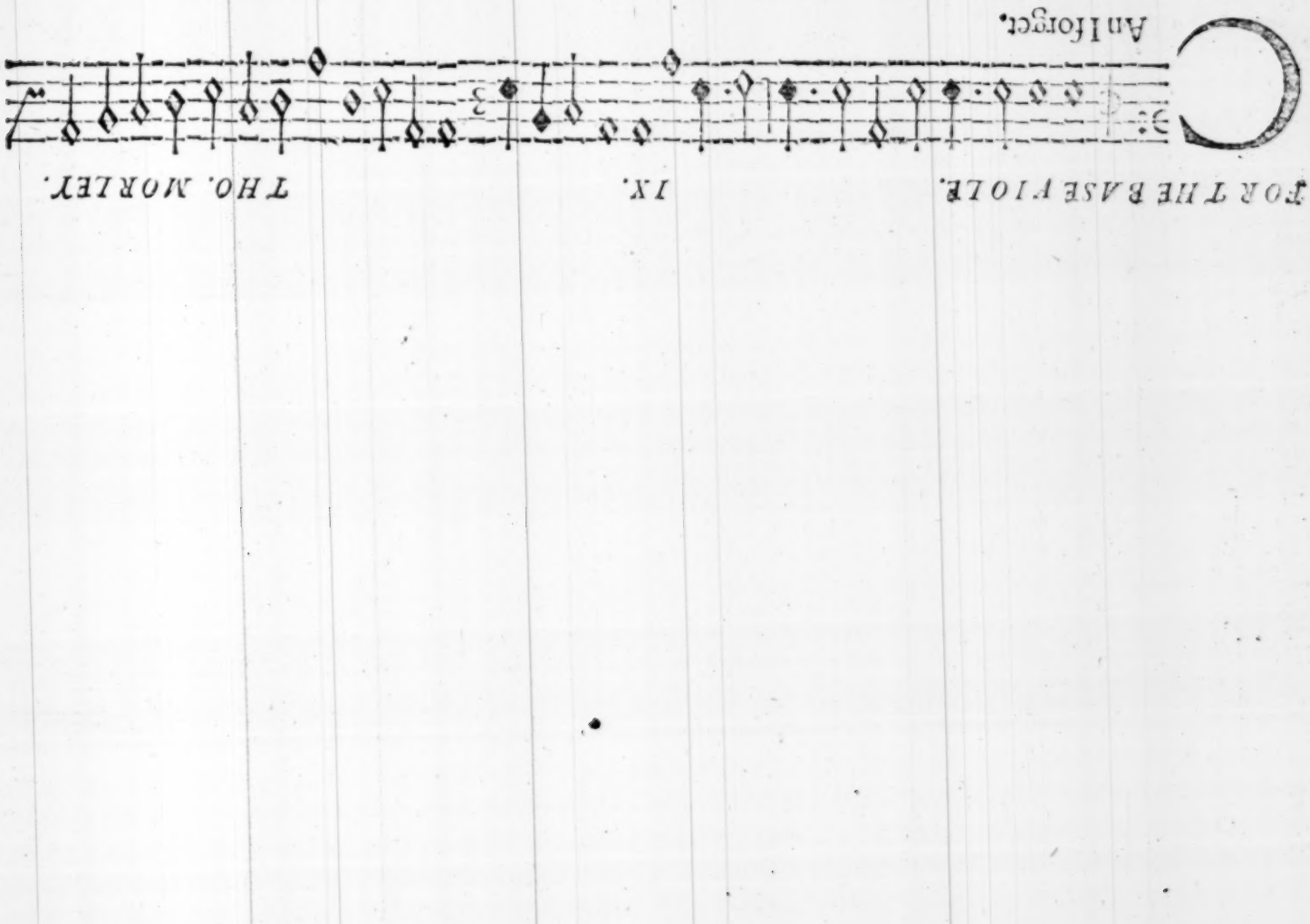
CAn I forget what reaſons force, Imprinted in my heart, Can I vn-

thinke theſe reſtleſſe thoughtes when firſt I felt loues dart, Shall tongue recall what

thoughts & loue by reaſon once did ſpeake. No, no all thinges ſaue death wantes

force that faith-full band to breake, No, no all things ſaue death wants force that

faithfull band to breake.




*FOR THE BASE VIOLE.* *IX.* *THO. MORLEY.*

2 For now I proue no life to loue, where fancie breeds content,
True loues reward with wife regard, is neuer to repent,
It yeelds delight that feedes the ſight, whilſt diſtance doe them part,
Such foode fedd me when I did ſee, in mine another hart,

3 Another hart I ſpied, combi'nd within my breſt ſo faſt,
As to a ſtraunger I ſeemde ſtraunge, but loue forc'd loue at laſt,
Yet was I not as then I ſeem'd, but rather wiſh to ſee,
If in ſo full of harbour loue, might conſtant lodged bee.

4 So *Cupid* playes oft now a dayes, and makes the foole ſeeme faire,
He dims the ſight breeding delight, where we ſeeme to diſpaire,
So in our hart he makes them ſport, and laughes at them that loue,
Who for their paine gets this againe, their loue no liking moue.

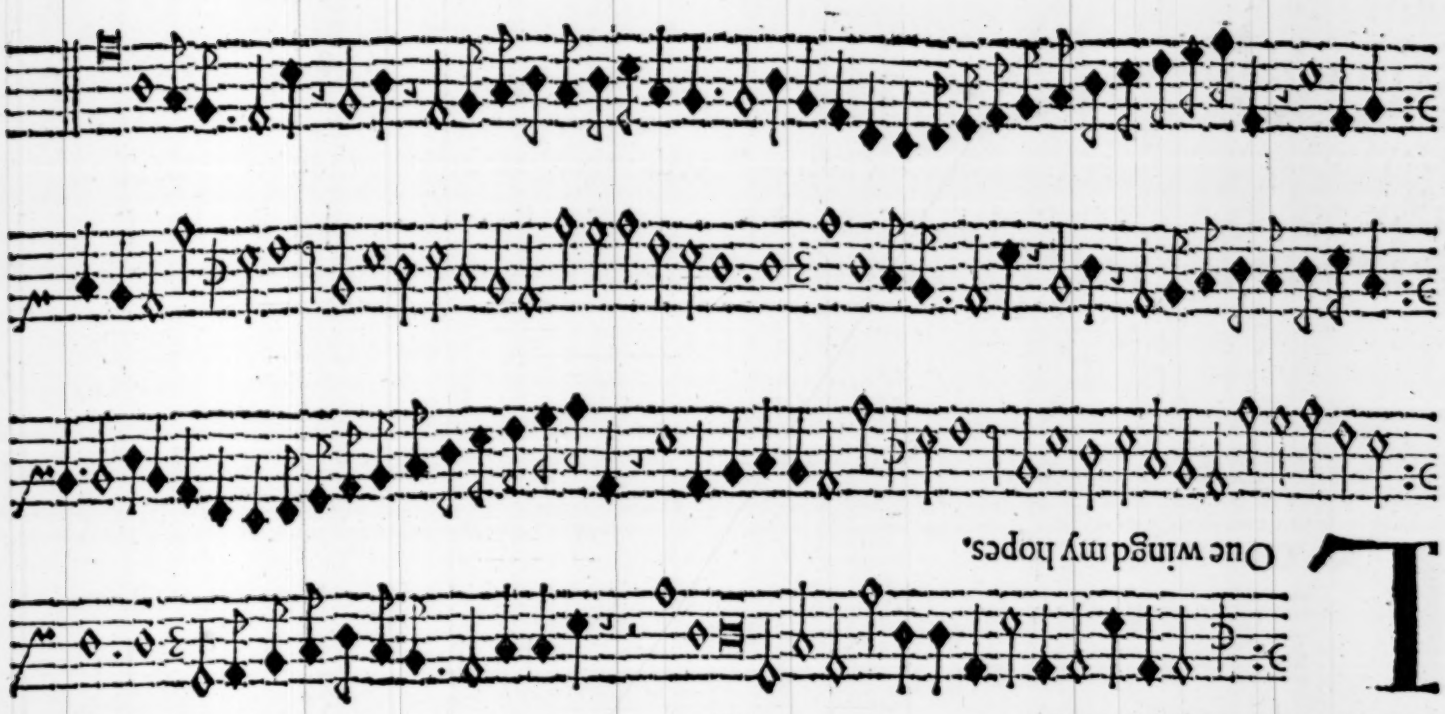
Oue wingd my hopes and taught them how to flie,

Farre from base earth, But not to mount, But not to mount, But not to mount

to hie. For true pleasure ij. liues in measure which if men for

sake, Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie

runne, And griefe, And griefe, And griefe for pleasure take. For

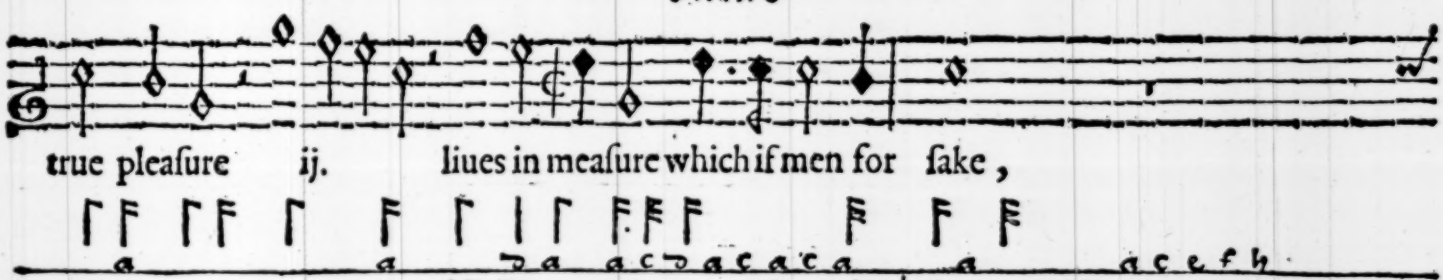


FOR THE BASE VIOLE. X. THO. MORLEY.

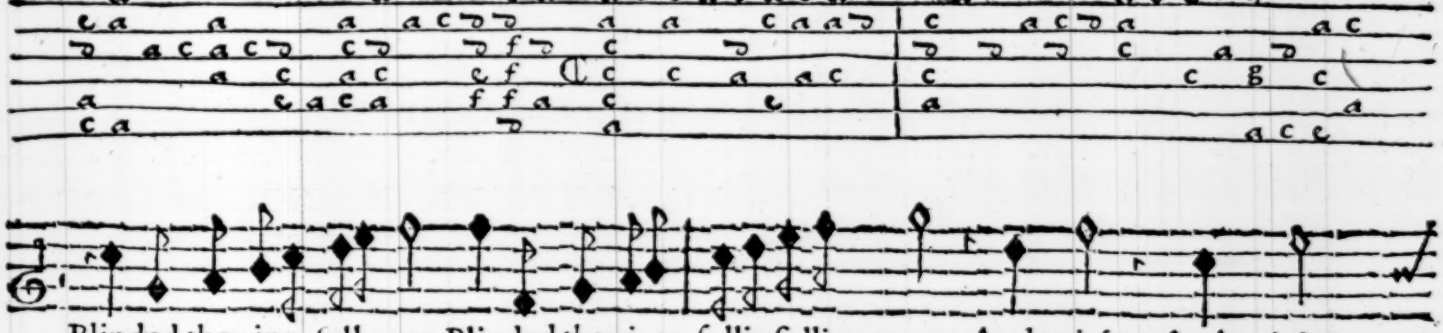
LOue winged my hopes.

2 But my vaine hopes proud of their new taught light,
Enamard ſought to woe the Sunnes faire light,
VVhoſe rich brightneſſe, moued their lightneſſe.
To aſpire ſo high:
That all ſcorcht & conſumd with fire, now drownd in woe they lie.

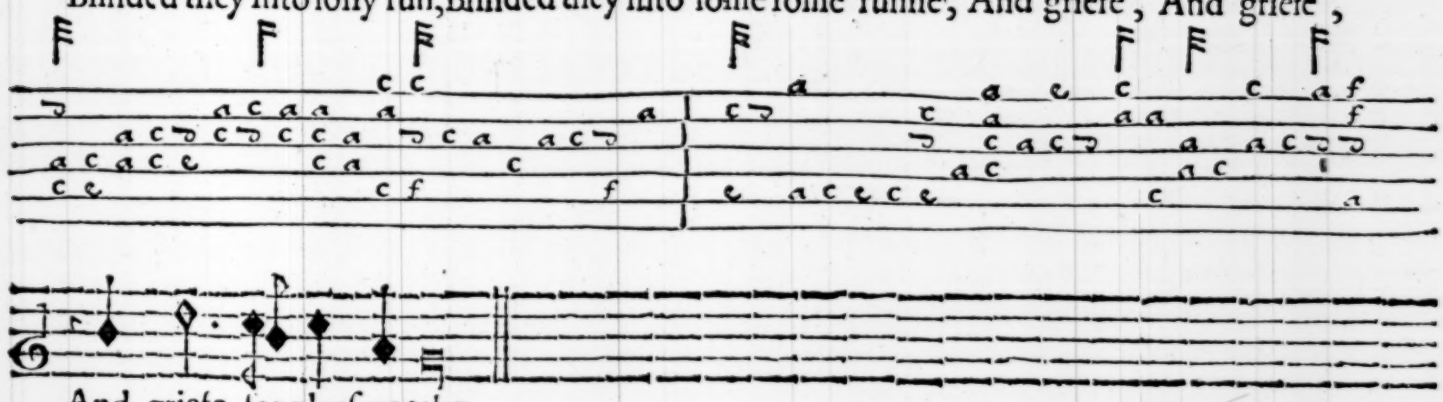
3 And none but loue their wofull hap doth rue,
For loue doth know that their deſireswere true:
Though fates frowned and now drowned,
They in ſorrow dwell,
It was the pureſt light of heauen, for whoſe faire loue they fell.



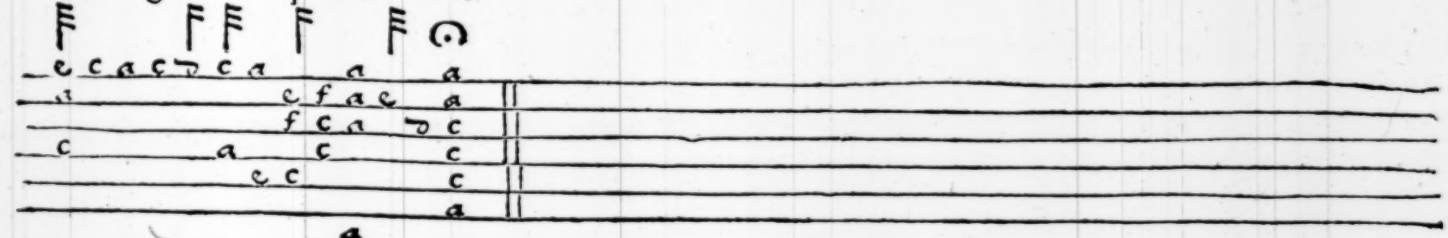
true pleaſure ij. liues in meaſure which if men for ſake,



Blinded they into folly run, Blinded they into follie follie runne, And griefe, And griefe,



And griefe for pleaſure take.

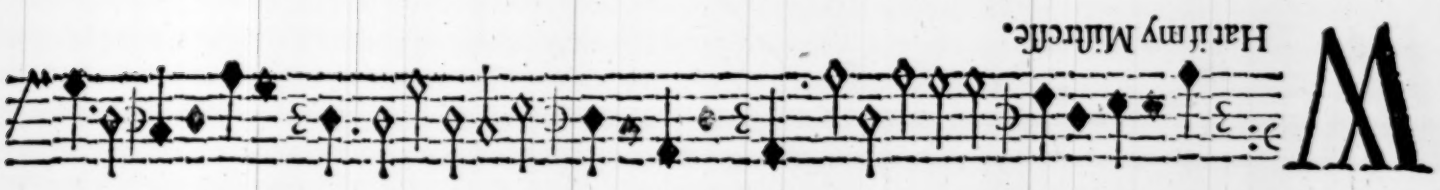


a D

What if my miſtreſſe now will needs vnconſtant be, Wilt thou be thē ſo falſe in

loue as well as ſhee, No no ſuch falſe hoode flee, though women faithleſſe be, No no ſuch falſ-hood

flee, though women faithleſſe be.



Har if my Miſtreſſe.

2 My miſtreſſe frownes and ſweares that now I loue her not,
The change ſhee finds, is that which my diſpaire begot,
Diſpaire which is my loue, ſince ſhee all faith forgot.

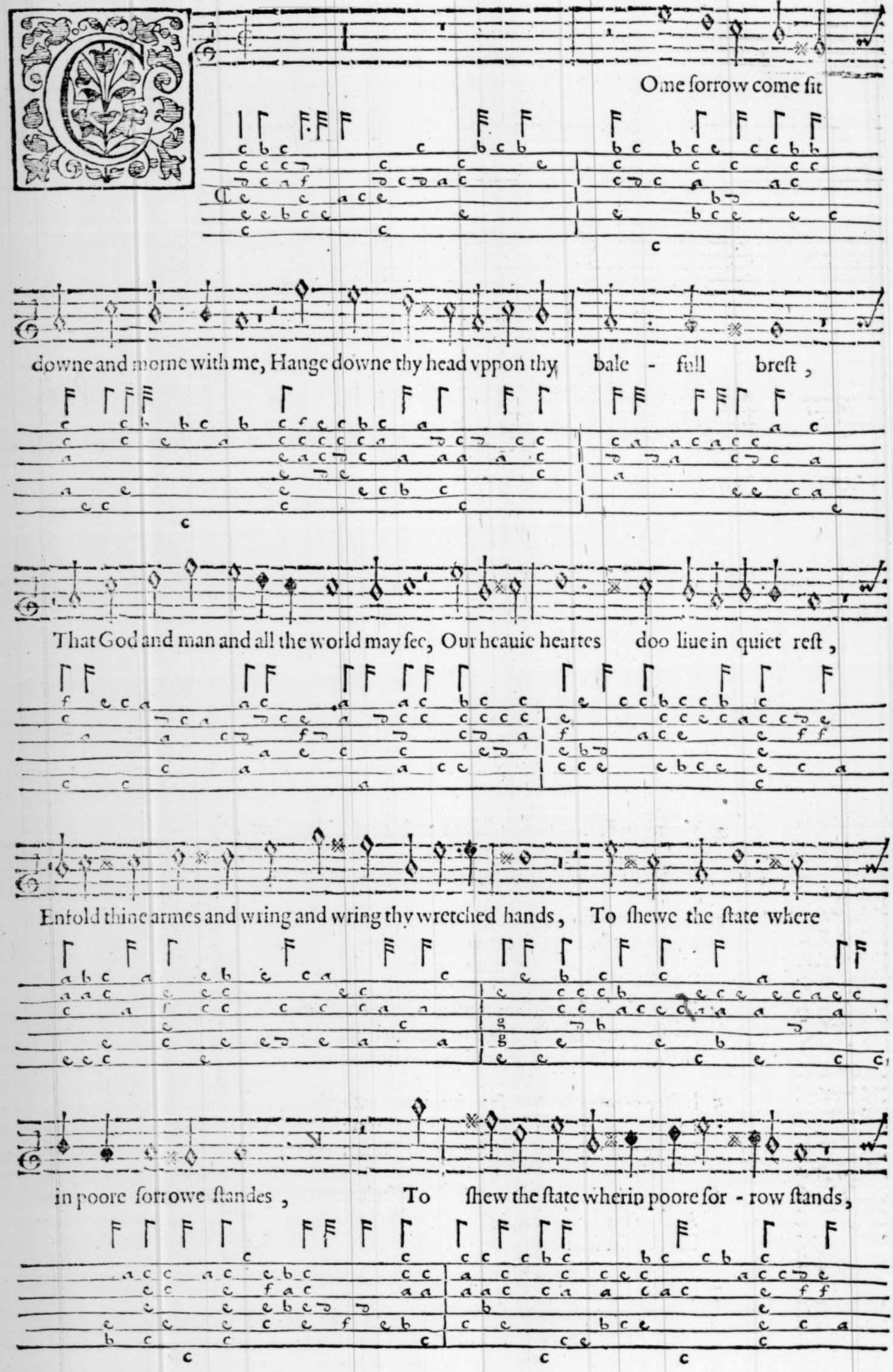
3 Shee blames my truth and cauſeleſly accuſeth me,
I muſt not let mine eyes report what they doe ſee,
My thoughts reſtraind muſt be, and yet ſhee will goe free,

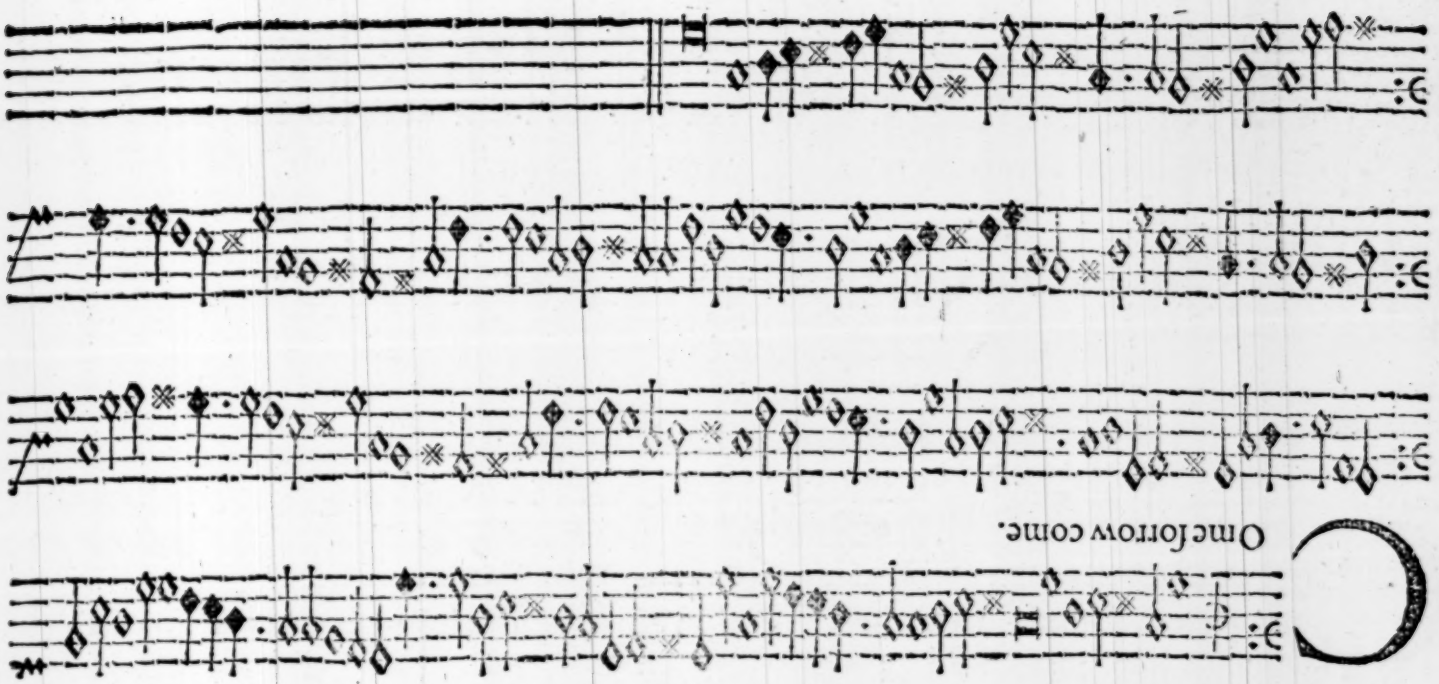
4 If ſhee doth change ſhee muſt not be in conſtancie,
For why ſhee doth profeſſe to take ſuch libertie,
Her ſelfe ſhee will vntie, and yet faſt bound am I.

5 If ſhee at once doe pleaſe to fauour more then one,
I agreed in humble ſort to make my mone,
I ſpake not to a ſtone, where ſence of loue is none.

6 But now let loue in time redreſſe all theſe my wrongs,
And let my loue receiue the due to her belongs,
Els thus ile frame my ſong or chaunge my miſtreſſe longs.

7 Which if I find my hart ſome other where ſhall dwell,
For louing not to be beloued it is a hell,
Since ſo my hap befell, I bid my loue farre well.

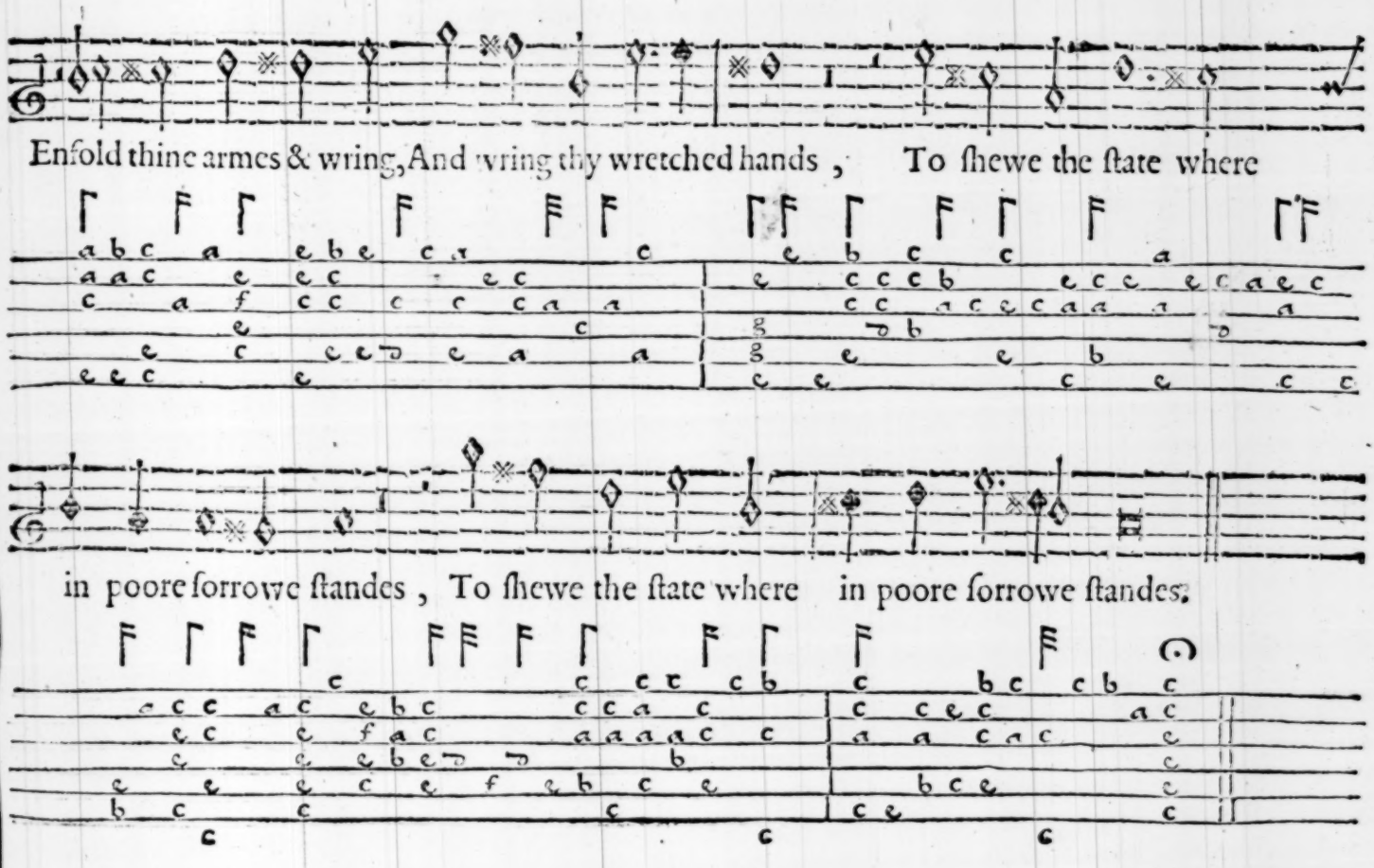

One ſorrow come ſit
downe and morne with me, Hange downe thy head vppon thy bale - full breſt,
That God and man and all the world may ſee, Our heauie heartes doo liue in quiet reſt,
Enfold thine armes and wring and wring thy wretched hands, To ſhewe the ſtate where
in poore ſorrowe ſtandes, To ſhew the ſtate wherin poore ſor - row ſtands,




FOR THE BASE VIOLE. XII. THO. MORLEY.

2 Crie not out-right for that were childrens guiſe,
But let thy teares fall trickling downe thy face,
And weepe ſo long vntill thy blubbered eyes,
May ſee (in Sunne) the depth of thy diſgrace.
Oh ſhake thy head, but not a word but mumme.
The heart once dead, the tongue is ſtroken dumme.

3 And let our fare be diſhes of diſpight,
To breake our hearts and not our faſtes withall,
Then let vs ſup, with ſorrow ſops at night,
And bitter ſawce, all of a broken gall,
Thus let vs line, till heauens may rue to ſee,
The dolefull doome ordained for thee and mee.



Aire in a morne oh faireſt morne was euer morne ſo faire, When as the

ſun but not the ſame that ſhined in the ayre, And on a hill, oh faireſt hill was neuer hill ſo bleſſed,

Ther ſtood a man was neuer man for no man ſo diſtreſſed, There ſtoode a man was

neuer man for no man ſo diſtreſſed.

2 But of the earth no earthly Sunne, and yet no earthly creature,
There ſtoode a face was neuer face, that carried ſuch a feature,
This man had hap O happie man, no man ſo hapt as he,
For none had hap to ſee the hap, that he had hapt to ſee.

3 And as he behold this man beheld, he ſaw ſo faire a face,
The which would daunt the faireſt here, and ſtaine the braueſt grace,
Pittie he cried, and pittie came, and pittied for his paine,
That dying would not let him die, but gaue him life againe.

4 For ioy where of he made ſuch mirth, that all the world did ring,
And *Pan* for all his *Nimphes* came forth, to heare the Shepherds ſing.
But ſuch a ſong ſong neuer was, nor here will be againe,
Of *Phillida* ths ſhepheards Queene. and *Coridon* the ſwaine.

A Bſence heere

thou my pro - teſta - tion , Againſt thy ſtrength , diſtaunce and length doo

what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al-tera - tion , For

hartes of tru - eſt met - tall , Abſence dooth ioyne, Abſence doth ioyne,

And time dooth ſet - tle , And time dooth ſet - tle.